



Poetry.

I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS.

No comrades, I thank you, not any for me;
My last chain is riven, henceforward I'm free!
I will go to my home and my children to-night
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight,
And with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life!
"I have never refused you before!" Let that pass.
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated
face!

Mark my faltering step and my weak, palsied hand,
And mark on my brow that it is worse than Cain's
brand;

See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees,
Alike warmed by the sun or chilled by the breeze.
Why, even the children will hoot as I pass—
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now,
That a mother's soft hand was once pressed to my
brow.

When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling,
her pride,
Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's side;
But with love in her eyes, she looked up to the
sky,
Bidding me meet her there, and whispered "Good
bye."

And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass.
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords won't
wait

On a fellow who's left every cent in their till,
And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill.
Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured!
And I begged for one more glass—just one would
have cured;

But they kicked me out of doors—I let that, too,
pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

At home, my pet Susie, with her soft, golden hair,
I saw, through the window, just kneeling in prayer.
From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves were
strung down,

While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her
scarce gown;
And she prayed—prayed for bread, just a poor crust
of bread.

For one crust—on her knees, my pet darling plead;
And I heard, with no penny to buy one, alas!
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

For Susie, my darling, my wee, six year old,
Though fainting with hunger, and shivering with
cold,
There, on the bare floor, asked God to bless me!
And she said, "Don't cry mamma, he will! for you
see,

I believe what I ask for." Then, sobered, I crept
away from the house; and that night, when I slept,
Next my heart lay the Psalmist—you smile! Let it
pass,
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her
love

Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above.
I will make her words true, or I'll die in the race,
And sober I'll go to my last resting place;
And she shall kneel there, and, weeping thank God
No drunkard sleeps under that daisy strewn sod,
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass!

Selected.

The Doctor's Office-Boy.

The short, winter afternoon was drawing to a close, and the light, making its way through the dusty windows, began to grow dim. The doctor pushed back the great book on the table, and looked over it at the grate beyond, where the fire had died down to a mass of dull-red coals, and an unsightly quantity of ashes was distributed over the hearth. The office chairs, except the two or three in constant use, were undeniably dusty, and the carpet, despite the awkward but vigorous efforts at sweeping that had been expended upon it, was neither bright nor tidy. The doctor's thoughtful eyes scarcely took in these details; his meditations were of something else; but it occurred to him, vaguely, that the place wore a dreary, unhomelike air.

He was thinking of a pair of brown eyes and a grave, sweet face. Such a vision might have made the old room bright, but that the eye had of late grown so shy of

meeting his, and the face so calm and cold when it chanced to encounter him. He did not wonder at it particularly. "Thirty-five years old, and grown dull and plodding from a life of early care and hardship. What should draw her to you, Maxwell Casey?" he questioned, a faint smile at his own folly flitting over his lips for an instant and losing itself under a heavy mustache. Suddenly a rapid, noisy step sounded upon the stairs, the door was pushed open and closed with a slam, and a fresh, young voice called out breezily, "Hello, Uncle Max!"

"Well, Joe?" responded the doctor, quietly, unmoved by the invasion.

Joe entertained no doubt of his welcome. He tossed his cap, and a few books bound together with a strap, upon the table, drew a chair to the hearth, and elevated a pair of small feet upon the fender.

"Ain't they muddy, though? Got 'em that way runnin' 'cross the street to get last tag from Tom Snyder. Did it, too! He couldn't get any from me—no, sir! Say, uncle Max, this is not much of a fire!"

"My office-boy don't half attend to it," said the doctor, raising his eyebrows.

"Ho!" laughed Joe. "I think you ought to have a boy to look after things while you are studyin' up on old bones and all that. I'll come myself one of these days. Wish I could do it now; 'twould be lots more fun than school is," he added wistfully.

The doctor surveyed him from the toes of his muddy shoes to the top of his curly head—no great distance—and laughed softly as he saw the air of conscious ability to fill any office, with which he drew himself up and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"What's 'come of my jacket buttons?" asked Joe, fancying that he read that question in the glance bent upon him. "Why, some of 'em tore off, that's all. What does go with 'em, Uncle Max? 'cause ma's always askin' me and I don't know. B'lieve they just tear themselves off every time I'm havin' fun and ain't watchin'. Oh! look here! We're going to have a splendid time some of these nights, I tell you!" exclaimed Joe, forgetting his perplexities in a sudden blissful remembrance. "There's a lot of us fellers—we're a band—and Tom Snyder's got a kettle-drum, and Bill's got a—a—oh, a trumpet, that's what it is; and one of the boys says he can get his father's old base viol. We've got a flag, and some of the fellers has torches—real lamps on poles, you know—and some of 'em'll have lighted sticks. We've had it round in backyards ever so long, and now we're goin' to march some night and have a percession, only we haven't any name for us yet. Tom wants it 'Snyder's Cavalry,' 'cause he's captain, and he always wants everything named for him. But I'd like something about the torches in it—'Light-Bearers' or 'Torchers' or something."

"Tortures" would be a very appropriate name," commented the doctor, awaking from his reverie in time to hear the last sentence or two, and recollecting the din that had reached his ears on various evenings of rehearsal.

"Would it?" questioned Joe delightedly. But Uncle Max relapsed into silence and walked away to the window.

A gray fog was settling down upon the town, making it dark early, and already lights were beginning to shine out from the shop-windows, here and there, along the street. Passers-by hastened their steps, as if anxious to escape from the misty, depressing atmosphere to the warmth and brightness of home, the doctor fancied. A thought of those waiting homes made him glance once more about the room in which he stood. Familiar it was, surely; it ought to be homelike, since it was all the home he had. His place of business during the day; the lounge in the small back room served for a bed at night, and for his meals there was the restaurant near by. What more could a busy, bachelor physician ask? He went up to Brother George's occasionally. He was glad to meet George, and liked to see the others well enough,

but they always appeared to be living in a hurry; and the place, with all its elegance, never seemed to have a cosy, family air, and so had little attraction for him.

Joe returned these infrequent visits with compound interest, and spent a good deal of time at the office; partly because he was neither ornamental and convenient at home, and there was a comfortable feeling of safety in having him with Uncle Max, but chiefly because it was his own sweet will, and he could talk and ask questions there to his heart's content, even though, as in the present instance, not half of them were heard or answered. Joe certainly did not consider the room either dreary or lonely, but then the doctor had scarcely thought about it himself until lately. He had not known either, how much he had been thinking of the quiet, earnest, young music teacher, and how thoughts of her had brightened every place for him, until her growing reserve and distant politeness had awakened him to consciousness. And she had fancied he might annoy her with his persistence, perhaps! No fear of that. He was not so vain as to think himself irresistible, nor so selfish as to press even his love upon her, if that love could not make her happier, he said softly to himself.

"Burglars!" remarked Joe. "Eh? what?" demanded Uncle Max. To be sure, Joe had been talking almost incessantly for the ten minutes, but he had heard nothing of it until that rather startling word attracted his attention.

"They've broke into a good many places about town, and carried off lots of things," pursued Joe. "I guess they must be pretty rich by this time; and they don't care about folks bein' about either; they just put 'em to sleep. How do you s'pose they do that, Uncle Max?"

"Oh, I don't know," responded the doctor carelessly. Relieved that only burglars in general were under discussion, and that neither his brother's house nor the bank had been robbed, he was far less interested in any marauder's boldness than in considering Edith More's shyness and constraint when she called with a message that morning. She would never have come to him, he was sure, only that the unsuspecting old lady who sent her would allow no other doctor's potions, and Edith was too tender-hearted to refuse so slight an act of neighborly kindness. How quick she had been to assure him, when he promised to be in the office on her return, that it was of no consequence! If only he could leave the powders for her, that would answer quite as well. It was almost time for her to come. What if he met her, and spared her a part of the long walk? It was out of her way he knew—so well he had learned the round of lesson-giving!

Joe was still deep in the subject of burglars. He had explained to his own satisfaction, how, "after dark, they carry lanterns that'll shine or not shine, just as they want 'em to; and they wear stuffed shoes that you can't hear no more'n a cat with mittens on. And, anyhow, you can't tell who they are, if you do see 'em 'cause their faces are covered with—with—oh, what is it they put on their faces, Uncle Max?"

"On their faces?" repeated Uncle Max, pondering another question—Should he go or not? Would there be any danger of his failing to meet her?

"Yes; what they cover their faces with you know!" pursued Joe.

"Cover their faces with? Why, vells—brown vells, generally," added the doctor a little absently, thinking of a certain brown one that would be fluttering along the street somewhere now. He decided to go.

"Such as women wear?" queried Joe. "Why, yes, of course; it's always women that wear them."

"Is it? I didn't know that," cried Joe, quite excited by this new item of information.

"I'm going out for a little while," said the doctor, drawing on his overcoat and taking up his gloves. "If you will stay

till I come back, I'll walk up home with you."

"Well," said Joe contentedly.

"And if any persons come, try to keep the till I get mback; it won't be long."

"Isn't any danger of anyone comin' here, is there?" asked Joe, looking somewhat startled.

"Why not?" laughed Uncle Max, noticing only the words. "You are not very complimentary, Joe. Do you think I'm so poor a doctor, that it wouldn't be worth while for any one to stop here?"

Outside the door the gray mist seemed to fold about one in a chill, dispiriting sort of a way. The doctor felt it and struggled against it, pressing forward with quick, firm step, but the whole town looked old and sad. He had longed to be away from it lately—a restless inclination that he had resisted because of a brave, brief creed that he held, that the very life of life is not its joys or its sorrows but its duties. There was work for him here, those who needed him, and he would not desert his post from any cowardly fear of pain. Some old words from out his boyhood—words that a mother's lips had been wont to quote long ago—came back to him, and the strong man repeated them with a more simple, earnest faith than the boy had ever known. "Take care of the happiness of others, and God will take care of yours."

Joe, left to himself, suddenly discovered that the office was rather dark. He stirred the coals in the grate, put on fresh fuel, and soon had a bright, dancing blaze that sent its cheery light into every corner.

"That's more like!" he soliloquized, perching himself in an arm-chair, and settling his chin meditatively between his hands, quite oblivious of their recent contact with the coal.

"Expect this ain't so poor a place, neither. Heard him say that white stuff over in that jar, is one of the most valuable medicines he knew of. Cost as much as diamonds maybe, an' he's got a lot of it. But if I was goin' burglarin' I would not steal such nasty-tastin' stuff as that is. Ugh!"

A soft rap at the door interrupted him suddenly. He started to his feet, and after an instant's hesitation, ventured a rather uncertain, "Come in!" He had not heard the light step on the stairs, and that surely was a suspicious circumstance. When the door opened, it revealed a lady, which was more suspicious still, and she wore a brown veil, that was the most suspicious thing of all, Joe didn't at all like the appearance of things.

"Is the doctor in?" asked the stranger pleasantly.

Joe retreated a little as she advanced, and replied succinctly, "No'm."

"Will he be back soon, do you know?" questioned the visitor.

"Guess so—fore long. But he's awful strong, and he carries all his money in his pockets," replied Joe, discouragingly.

"Ah?" the lady looked surprised—disappointed, Joe thought, and so he volunteered another disuasive remark: "I'm awful hard to get to sleep."

"Are you sure you are wide-awake now?" asked the visitor, half laughing, with a puzzled scrutiny of his face.

"Bet I am!" affirmed Joe promptly, winking hard to convince himself of the truth of his assertion.

"I wonder," murmured the lady, "if the doctor didn't leave anything for me. I thought I should find what I wanted if he had gone out."

Joe's eyes opened round and large; he changed his position uneasily, and did not feel at all certain that he might not be getting drowsy in this perilous state of affairs. The lady's glance swept the room, and as it rested reflectively on the precious white jar, Joe began to grow desperate.

"See here, mebbe you might find something real nice in the other room!" he burst forth eagerly. "Doctor leaves lots of things in there sometimes."

"Does he, so that people can get them when he's away? Probably he has left what I want there." Her face brightened; she paused an instant, as if expecting Joe to lead the way, then asked, "Where shall I look?"

"Under the—on the table in there," answered Joe, pointing toward the article mentioned, but following at a respectful distance, till she was fairly within the room. Then he sprang suddenly forward, closed the door and locked it, piled two or three chairs against it and surmounted them with the coal-scuttle.

"There now!" he cried excitedly.

"Open the door!" demanded the lady's equally excited voice from within. "Such a joke is very, very rude. What do you mean?"

"Mean to keep you till Uncle Max comes, 'cause he told me to—that's what. You can't put me to sleep now," said the young jailer, decidedly.

"The child must be insane!" exclaimed the bewildered prisoner.

But Joe was quite certain of his sanity, and as his alarm gradually subsided into a feeling of security, since his captive had no chance of escape, he became convinced that he had done an exceedingly brilliant thing.

"Oh, I know all about you," he explained courageously. "The doctor told me to keep you till he got back, but I don't s'pose he thought I could do it. I will, though; you can't get out, and you shan't steal nothin' either."

"Steal anything? What an idea!" A slight laugh rippled through the lady's voice, though the situation was seriously annoying. You have made some strange mistake, little boy. I have a long walk to take, and it is growing dark. Please open the door," she urged coaxingly.

But the small sentinel proved a very model of faithfulness in the discharge of duty. He could not be frightened, persuaded nor bribed, and the prisoner finally relinquished all efforts to move him. She attempted to raise a window, but it resisted her slight strength, and a glance at its height from the ground, revealed the uselessness of such an undertaking. So she stood silently gazing out into the gathering dusk and gloom, perplexed, indignant, and a little anxious, too, as to what all this could mean, and when it would end.

In the outer room Joe marched about, seated himself on the table, and swung his feet to and fro, "monarch of all he surveyed." But notwithstanding his election the time passed very slowly, and the stillness grew oppressive.

"Must be hours and hours," he muttered, as he waited, listening for his uncle's return.

He caught the first sound of his step on the stair—a slower step than usual, and the doctor's face wore a faint cloud of disappointment from his unsuccessful walk. It passed through swift and varied changes, however, at the discovery of Joe's barricade, and the confused rehearsal of his valiant exploit.

"Caught her as slick as could be; she didn't get a chance to burglar anything at all, I tell you," began the youthful detective, boastingly, but, paused in open-mouthed dismay, at witnessing the speed with which the chairs were pushed aside, and the dangerous lady released.

"Miss More!—What must you think!" exclaimed the doctor, apologetically, regretfully.

"That your style of inducing customers to await your return is somewhat peculiar, Dr. Casey," she replied, a dash of mischief mingling with the annoyance and resentment in her tone.

"Joe!" began the doctor, sternly. But

Continued on fourth page

Arlington Advocate.

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tising terms liberal.

ARLINGTON, JAN. 11, 1873.

ICE.—The business of cutting ice com-
menced on Wednesday. The quality is
tip-top, being 13 1-2 inches thick and per-
fectly clear.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice Car-
ter, Jan. 7th, Chas. S. Jacobs, Jr., keep-
ing liquor with intent to sell. \$10 and
costs; Hieronymus Popp, selling intoxi-
cating liquor, \$10 and costs.

CONSTABULARY.—The visitors have
been here again, calling upon the prop-
rietor of the Spy Pond House, on Charles
S. Jacobs, Jr., keeper of the hotel at the
centre, and on Geo. C. Russell.

PRAYER MEETING.—In common with
other Evangelical churches, the Cong'l
church here, has observed a week of
prayer, holding meetings each evening.
They have been attended with much in-
terest.

REAL ESTATE.—We hear that Ed-
ward Chapman has sold to Chauncey
W. Chamberlain, his house and three
acres of land on Pleasant street, for \$15-
100. This is one of the pleasantest and
best places in town. The garden is es-
pecially good, being stocked with every
variety of fruit. This lot extends from
Pleasant street to the pond.

BUILDING.—Since the mild weather
set in, work has been resumed upon the
Russell school house and the Hose house.
For two weeks no work was done. Mr
Chase, the contractor for the Hose house,
has placed the frame of the roof in po-
sition, and now the masons will advance
the tower as fast as the weather will
permit.

I. O. of O. F.—The party given by
Bethel Lodge last Friday evening, at the
Town Hall, under the direction of Mr.
Jas. L. Marden, Frederick Poole and oth-
ers, was a complete success in every par-
ticular. About sixty couples tripped the
"light fantastic," and every one was
pleased.

On Wednesday evening a social party
took place in Odd Fellow's Hall. Dan-
cing was indulged in. These pleasant
gatherings are held monthly.

LEGISLATIVE.—John Cummings is on
the Joint Standing Committee on Banks
and Banking. J. W. Peirce of Arling-
ton on the Fisheries. Col. Wright is
chairman of the Military and Insurance
Committee. J. S. Potter is at the head
of the Prison Committee. Senator Pot-
ter has introduced a bill to extend the
territory of Boston by uniting to it the
towns and cities of West Roxbury,
Brookline, Brighton, Watertown, Bel-
mont, Arlington, Medford, Malden, Ev-
erett, Charlestown, Cambridge, Somer-
ville, Revere, Winthrop and Chelsea.

BURGERS.—Of late this class of
rouges have been making their presence
felt in our town and neighborhood. A
spirit of malice seems to characterize the
acts of the rascals. Dr. Bartlett's house,
just beyond Winchester line, was broken
into a short time ago, and the furniture
disfigured, and some few things removed.
A copper boiler was stolen from the
house known as the Everett house.

During the absence of the family
of Mr. W. J. Niles from his house on
Mystic street, Arlington, on Monday af-
ternoon, some scoundrel entered, and af-
ter destroying two carpets, cut the pipes
and flooded the lower part of the house.

TOWN MEETING.—Pursuant to the
call of the warrant a town meeting was
held Friday, Dec. 27th, 1872, and ad-
journing to Jan. 4th, 1873. The Water
Rates were submitted and accepted. It
was voted to petition the Legislature for
the waters of Vine Brook, and the Se-
lectmen and Water Commissioners were
appointed a Committee with full powers.

Matter of issuing more Water Bonds
was postponed until another meeting.
Voted not to re-lease that portion of the
Town House now occupied by Anderson,
Howes & Co., after Feb. 14, 1873. Vot-
ed not to sell lots in Cemetery to non-
residents. Quite a lively skirmish of
words took place, but the wounded are
recovering.

[Correspondence.]

A PLEASANT TIME.—The members of
the Highland Hose Company, No. 2 were
entertained by their foreman, Mr. Alfred
Hobbs, at his residence, on Thursday,
Dec. 29th. The weather was very stormy
out, but they found it very pleasant inside,
and the men enjoyed themselves for an
hour or so, when they adjourned to the
dining-room where a bountiful supper
awaited them. After doing ample justice
to the various dishes, they returned to
the parlors and spent an hour in social
converse, before bidding their foreman
and his lady good night. The whole af-
fair was highly enjoyed by all the men,
who felt that they were well paid for ven-
turing out in such a severe storm.

ARLINGTON.

[Correspondence.]

THE ARLINGTON OF TO-DAY.—The Ar-
lington of to-day is by no means the old
precinct of Cambridge of old; the Cam-
bridge of the solitary mission oak, that
old tree that stood upon one of the roads
leading from Boston to Newton. Many
of my readers doubtless remember this
memento of the old Indian history of the
past. But since those days, the then in-
fant embryo of this now thriving town
has cast off its swaddling clothes and be-
come a thriving country town. We are a
people, quite numerous, energetic and en-
terprising, and the busy hum of the mill
wheels that propel the varied industries
of this town may be heard all along the
borders of her rivers; and industry and
thrift pour out their treasures at the feet
of our wide awake inhabitants. The
great and motive power of every town is
the Selectmen of that town, called by
courtesy, "The Town Fathers;" God
bless them! Of them we shall give our
opinions as to duties, powers, perquisites,
requirements and qualifications at another
time.

ADVOCATE.

[Correspondence.]

At the town meeting held in Town Hall
on the evening of the 5th, the citizens af-
ter due deliberations, voted not to sell
lots for burial to non-residents, also, not
to vote more water bonds at present. We
regard this meeting as evidence that good
judgment shall prevail among the voters
if it is lacking elsewhere, and that the
speed of its public improvements shall in
no wise jeopardize the credit of the town.
The good credit of individual responsibil-
ity is of that delicate nature, that it re-
quires careful and precise treatment, so as
not to blunt it. It is precisely so with a
town. The safest Bonds by bad handling
get into the company of doubtful ones.
Arlington shows unmistakably that her
improvements shall be made in the fu-
ture by moderation, and that the miscu-
lation of the past shall not be lost in
making up a judgment as to the best time
and the best way to complete the im-
provements begun. Our town is so ad-
vantageously located for improvement in
residences, with schools of the first grade
in the land, churches and stores, and
within twenty minutes ride of Boston,
that it cannot fail of attracting public at-
tention of persons in pursuit of a suburban
residence. In determining where to go,
prudent sort of people do not overlook
the character of towns, as seen by the
ability and character of those who are
elected to manage its affairs. "As is the
head, so is the body," is a maxim of long
standing.

WHEELBARROW & SPADE.

OBJECTED TO VACCINATION.—A
prominent citizen of Brookline was
brought before a trial justice for Norfolk
a few days since, and fined \$5 for not
submitting himself to be re-vaccinated,
as required by law. He appealed from
the decision of the Justice to the Supe-
rior Court next to be holden at Dedham.
His reason for not allowing himself to be
re-vaccinated was that his health would
suffer thereby, not being, in his opinion,
in a sufficiently well condition.

MEDFORD CHRONICLE.—This is the
name of a new paper just started in Med-
ford. It is a patent outside, but the in-
side is well got up. It chronicles the
home news very fully, and we hope it
will live long and prosperously.

Lexington.

SUPPER.—The members and friends of
Hancock Engine Co., No. 2, assembled at
their house on Waltham street, last Sat-
urday night where they sat down to a nice
oyster supper. A very agreeable occa-
sion was the result. Everybody seemed
to enjoy the affair and welcomed the an-
niversary with becoming interest. The
wants of the inner man were amply sat-
isfied, and then the pipes were lighted and
with stories and fun the hours were whirled
away. Under the administration of Capt.
H. A. Turner everything is moving for-
ward in a satisfactory manner. The best
of feeling exists between officers and men,
and the company was never in better con-
dition.

SMALL-POX.—We are not to escape
without a touch of this disease it seems.
The case reported last week as existing
upon the turnpike near Mr. Putnam's,
proved fatal. A negro died with it last
week at East Lexington. At the present
writing we know of no other cases. It
will be strange indeed if more do not fol-
low. We hear of none in the neighbor-
hood of the "Crossing," where Canfield
died. The people there may think them-
selves lucky. We regret that that case
has produced so much bitter feeling. We
feel confident that all was done for the
man that could be done. He was a
doomed man from the first and no hu-
man aid could have saved him. To quar-
rel thus with the inevitable is an evidence
of weakness. We do not propose to de-
fend any physician or other persons, but
we do hope that calm judgment will take
the place of hasty condemnation. This
disease is about us on every hand, is in
our midst, and we must do all in our
power to prevent its extension. Work to-
gether to preserve the sanitary condition
of the town. The neighboring town of
Woburn through its officers is straining
every nerve to protect its citizens, and too
much praise cannot be awarded them for
their efficient and prompt action. They
order general vaccination and disinfection.
They provide physicians for those who
cannot afford to pay the bills. They issue
unmistakable directions as to the
course to be pursued and as a result, the
disease is being confined to its present lim-
its, only a very few cases existing. Such
action is necessary and town authorities
everywhere should follow in the same
steps.

ICE HOUSE.—Mr. F. B. Hayes is build-
ing a new ice house, which when com-
pleted will be one of the best of its kind.
For the benefit of any one who may be
contemplating embarking in a similar en-
terprise, we print a few details. The
foundation is of stone and brick. There
are two brick walls resting on stone un-
derpinning, each 8 inches thick, with a
space of 8 inches between them. Upon
these walls are placed the sills 6x6. The
studding upon the outside wall is 6x2;
that upon the inside wall 3x4, and both
covered with matched boards. The
building is 13 feet high with roof 1-3 pitch.
Size of exterior 21x16 feet. It will be
provided with an ice chest and all the
modern conveniences. The space between
the walls will be filled with nothing but
air, tan being dispensed with in the latest
built houses of this kind. It has been
proved to be a better way to preserve the
ice than the method formerly used.

TOWN OFFICERS.—The winter is fast
leaving us; the spring will be here soon
and with it comes March, bleak, bluster-
ing March, when office holders sometimes
vacate and sometimes don't. We are
upon the eve of another election and in
anticipation of it we have one thing to say.
Let the occasion be attended with some
little dignity. Let every man make up
his mind to go to town meeting, do his
duty as he thinks best and stand by the
result. It is to be hoped that the will of
the majority will be the deciding power.
While we have our individual preferences
for incumbents for the various offices, yet
whoever is elected fairly by a majority of
the citizens present, will receive our sup-
port in their office. We heard enough to
disgust us of *de facto*, *de jure* and *quo wor-*
ranto, last year. Let us see this year, har-
monious action with a determination to do
what is best for the whole town, that
which will best advance its position and
interests. We are strongly urged from
various quarters to advocate the plan al-
ready spoken of, a consolidated board of
officers. A majority of those in favor of
this, prefer seven in number. Whatever
is done, let us do it well, so that our town
records for 1873 may be read without the
aid of a Supreme Court Judge.

REAL ESTATE.—For \$3012, C. Tidd
has sold to Middlesex Central Railroad
Company 2 lots on both sides of Cross
street on Parker and Paine.

Winchester.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.—The num-
ber of marriages in town the past year
were 29; deaths, 41, of these latter about
20 were under five years of age, and the
cause infantile diseases. The oldest per-
son that died was Mrs. Martha Swan, at
the age of 91 years, 11 months and 24
days; the next was Mr. Nathaniel Ayer,
85 years of age. There were 16 less
deaths in 1872 than in 1871.

LEAP YEAR PARTY.—About a dozen
of the young ladies in town invited the
same number of young gentlemen on the
last evening of the old year, to a sleigh-
ride, and on their return, by invitation of
G. W. Spurr, partook of a fine collation
at his house, and watched the old year
out and the new year in very pleasantly.
The young ladies did the thing up in good
shape, as they always do when they set
about it.

PRESENTATION.—The many friends
of Uncle Solomon Fletcher, as he is fa-
miliarly termed, united in presenting to
him, as a New Year's gift, a suit of
clothes and under-garments. Uncle Sol
is a very indispensable person, and his
services are often called into requisition
by our townspeople, and we are glad that
those in our community who recognize
the claims of our venerable friend to some
testimonial of their respect and gratitude,
have made him so useful, and doubtless,
acceptable, a present. He was much af-
fected by this evidence of the regard of
his fellow townsmen for him, and it will
do much to cheer him on his lonely and
solitary path through life's pilgrimage.

PUBLIC LEDGER ALMANAC.—Mr.
George W. Childs of Philadelphia, has
sent us his *Public Ledger Almanac* for
1873. It is a neatly printed annual, and
contains a large amount of useful infor-
mation.

AGRICULTURIST.—The January num-
ber has arrived and gives promise for a
good year's magazine. The *Agricultu-*
rist has come to be a necessity in many
homes, and wherever it goes it is wel-
come. We understand a large list of sub-
scribers in Woburn read this magazine,
and the monthlies are not numerous that
give so much for a dollar as does the
Agriculturist.

TRANSATLANTIC.—The December
number is at hand, a little late, but good.
It contains choice selections from the
English monthlies, is printed in a clear
manner, and is quite a welcome visitor
to our book table. G. W. Hammersly,
Publisher, 4938 Germantown Avenue,
Philadelphia.

Weights and Measures.

The attention of the citizens of the Town of Ar-
lington is called to the following act in relation to
the sealing of weights and measures.

R. W. SHATTUCK,

Sealer of Weights and Measures for Arlington.

(CHAE. 218.)

AN ACT IN RELATION TO SEALING WEIGHTS
AND MEASURES.

Be it enacted &c., as follows:

SECT. 1. All persons using scales, weights, mea-
sures or milk-cans, for the purpose of selling any
goods, wares, merchandise, or other commodities,
shall have them adjusted, sealed and recorded by
the sealer of weights and measures in the city or
town in which they reside or have their usual place
of business, and shall thereafter be responsible for
the correctness and exactness of the same: provided
however, that they shall have the right to have such
scales, weights, measures and milk-cans tested and
adjusted at the office of the sealer of weights and
measures, whenever they desire to do so.

SECT. 2. The sealer of weights and measures in
each city and town shall go once a year, and often-
er if necessary, to every yard and coal scale, dormant,
or other platform balance, within said city or town
that cannot be easily or conveniently removed, and
test the accuracy of and adjust and seal the same.

SECT. 3. All persons using any scales, weights,
measures or milk-cans, for the purpose of buying or
selling any commodity, may have the same tested
and sealed by the sealer of weights and measures in
the city or town where they reside or have their
usual place of business, at his office, whenever they
desire to have it done.

SECT. 4. Whenever a complaint is made to a
sealer of weights and measures under oath, by any
person, that he has reasonable cause to believe that
any scale, weight or measure used in the sale of any
commodity within the city or town, is incorrect,
the said sealer shall go to the place where such scale
weight or measure is, and test and mark the same,
according to the result of the test applied thereto,
and if the same be incorrect and cannot be adjusted,
the said sealer shall attach a notice thereto, certify-
ing the fact, and forbidding the use thereof until the
same has been made to conform to the authorized
standard. Any person using any scales, weights or
measures after a sealer of weights and measures has
demanded permission to test the same, and has been
refused such permission, shall be liable to the same
penalties as if he had knowingly used a false scale,
weight or measure.

SECT. 5. All scales, weights and measures that
cannot be made to conform to the standard shall be
stamped "Condemned" or "C. D.," by the sealer of
weights and measures; and no person shall there-
after use the same for weighing or measuring any
commodity sold or exchanged, under the penalties
provided in the case of the use of false weights and
measures.

SECT. 6. Every sealer of weights and measures
shall receive such compensation for his services as
may be fixed by the city or town within which he is
appointed, and no fees shall be charged for any offi-
cial duty he may perform.

SECT. 7. Every city and town shall within the first
ten days of January and July in each year, advertise
the several sections of this act, by publishing them
in some newspaper printed in such city or town, or
by posting them up in one or more public places
therein.

SECT. 8. This act shall take effect upon its pas-
sage.

[Approved May 6, 1870.]

Marr'd

In Woburn, Jan. 8th, by the Rev. W. S. Barnes,
Joseph Linnell and Martha C. Parker, all of Wo-
burn.

Died.

Dea., name and age inserted free; all other no-
tice 10 cents a line.

In Arlington, Jan. 3d, Oliver Cutter, heart dis-
ease, aged 84 years, 6 months.
In Arlington, Jan. 4th, Mrs. Harriet P. Russell,
aged 47 years, 10 months.
In Woburn, Jan. 7th, of small-pox, Isaac Suth-
erland, aged 24.
In Woburn, Jan. 9, Francis Richardson, aged 37
years, 1 day.
In Woburn, Jan. 5th, Fannie P., daughter of John
P. and Fostina C. Crane, aged one year, 10 months,
2 days.
In Woburn, Jan. 6th, Anna, daughter of Michael
and Margaret O'Riley, aged 11 years, 11 months.
In Woburn, Jan. 6th, of small-pox, John Murphy,
formerly of P. E. Island, aged 39.

ARLINGTON POST-OFFICE.

Mail arrives at 7.30 A. M., and 4.30 P. M.
Mail closes at 9 A. M., and 4 P. M.

LEXINGTON POST OFFICE.

Mail arrives at 7.50 A. M., and 4.50 P. M.
Mail closes at 9.00 A. M., and 4 P. M.

A CARD.

To the employees of Addison Gage & Co., at Spy
Pond, Arlington.

GENTLEMEN:—Through these columns I would
thank you for the generous and substantial manner
in which you remembered me on Christmas evening.
Accept my heartfelt thanks, not only for the beau-
tiful service of silver, but also the friendly sentiments
expressed so feelingly through your spokesman
James Durgin, Esq., at whose residence the pre-
sentation took place. The surprise was complete,
and the gift most unexpected. The recollection of
Christmas '72 will be ever pleasant to
Yours truly,

H. N. PILSBURY.

Special Notice.

The By-Laws of the Town require that the Taxes
shall be paid on or before the first day of November
of the year in which they are assessed. There
being an unusual delinquency in the payment of
the taxes of last year, notice is hereby given, that
all property upon which a tax was levied, if not
paid by the fifteenth of the present month, will
then be advertised for sale for the payment of the
same, and all incidental expenses, as all taxes must
be brought into the receipts of the financial year
1873. Trusting that this notice may be heeded by
all whom it may concern,

I am yours truly,

J. F. ALLEN, Treasurer and Collector.
Arlington, Jan. 8th, 1873.

Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank.

Interest allowed on deposits at the rate of six
per cent. per annum, made up and added to the
principal, on the first Saturday in January and
July. Deposits put on interest the first Saturday
each month. Bank open Saturday afternoon and
evening.

WILLIAM PROCTOR, Treas.

ALBERT WINN, President.

February 10, 1872.

Lexington Savings Bank.

Deposits in sums of Five Cents to One Thousand
Dollars will be received at this Bank, and placed
upon interest at the rate of six per cent. per an-
num. LEONARD G. BABCOCK, Treas'r.
Lexington, April 24th, 1872.

Pound Party.

ARLINGTON.

The Ladies of the Universalist Society will give

A POUND PARTY,

In their vestry on Wednesday evening, Jan. 15th,
at 7 o'clock.

The entertainment will consist of Select Read-
ings, by Miss Annie E. Ryder, of Medford,
Refreshments for sale during the evening.

ADMISSION FREE.



THE CHRISTAIN ERA,

A LARGE

Eight-Page Weekly Paper,

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Given to every new subscriber paying a year's sub-
scription in advance.

AGENTS WANTED.

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MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

All the improved Trusses known to medical sci-
ence throughout the world, including Jones' Foran-
nious, the Elastic, Morse's Electro Galvanic, the Rad-
ical cure, &c., &c., at the Head Office 620 Washing-
ton Street, Boston, where Rupture, Hernia, Uteri
and Anal, spinal and joint Diseases are treated and
cured by Dr. BRANNAN, the eminent Physician
and Surgeon from Edinburgh, Scotland.



TO
THE PUBLIC

MRS. DR. SECOR'S MEDICINES.

Will be found a sure cure for any of the diseases for which they are put forth. Look at the names of the reference—they are the names of some of our most reliable citizens, who have known her and her treatment for a number of years, and who willingly and cheerfully recommend her and her medicines to all needing them. And if this is not sufficient to convince the most skeptical, you can call at her office, 159 Warren Avenue, Boston, where sufficient testimonials will be shown from living witnesses, who will feel happy to speak of her in the highest terms as a thoroughly educated and skilful physician. Her very extensive and successful practice of over 25 years has given her a wide field of experience in the treatment of those diseases she compounds her medicines for.

Her **ALTERATIVE** will be found a sure cure for Scrofula in its worst form, Glandular Swellings, Salt Rheum, Old or Indolent Ulcers, Syphilis, Cancerous Collections, Tumors, Sore Eyes, Nodes, Itch, Scald Head, Discharges from Ears, Ring Worm and all Eruptions of the Skin, Moth, Blotches, Pimples, Flesh Worms, Discolorations, etc. Ladies who wish a clear and beautiful complexion, will find it just the preparation they need. If any gentleman has been subjected to the use of mercury for fever, etc., the Alterative will be found invaluable in cleansing and purifying the system.

Her **CINCHONA BITTERS** is a sure cure for Dyspepsia.

Her **NERVOUS, NEURALGIA and ASTHMA PILLS** are excellent for all persons afflicted with Neuralgia, Colic, Delirium Tremens, etc.,

Her **CATHARTIC PILLS** are purely Vegetable. Rheumatism can be cured by using her celebrated LINIMENT.

Her **CHOLERA SPECIFIC** is a remedy for Cramps and Spasms, Asiatic Cholera, Diarrhoea, etc.

Her **SALVE** for Old Sores, Burns, Scalds, etc. A printed circular accompanies each, with full directions for use, food, treatment, etc.

Sold by all respectable Druggists.

Any person wishing to consult MRS. DR. SECOR before beginning to use her medicines, can do so by addressing or calling at her office, No. 159 WARREN AVENUE, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Mrs. Dr. Secor introduces, by permission, the following references—gentlemen whose character and position in society entitle them to the highest confidence:

REFERENCES.—Samuel Burnham, editor of the *Congregationalist*; E. B. Humphreys, L. L. D., M. D., B. K. Gilbert, Esq., Benjamin Cushing Esq., F. C. Humphreys, Esq., Nathaniel Crowell Esq., Dr. Thresher, Arthur Cheney, Esq., B. W. Gilbert, Esq., Samuel Caverly, Esq., Lewis Rice, Esq., American House, of Boston; John Livermore Esq., Cambridgeport, Mass; Prof. A. A. Stewart, Cambridge, Mass; Prof. John G. Anthony, Cambridge, Mass; C. P. Whitney, Esq., Milford, N. H.; E. Richardson, Esq., Clinton, Mass; Wilson Morse, Esq., Clinton, Mass.

159 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass

NORTH END SAVINGS BANK,

No. 80 UNION STREET,

BOSTON.

This bank has never paid less than six per cent per annum, free of tax to its depositors.

All deposits made on or before the first day of any month are then placed upon interest and share in the next dividend.

Dividends as soon as declared are at once added to the accounts of depositors and at once begin to earn interest thus giving COMPOUND INTEREST.

ROBERT MARSH, President. **GEORGE C. TRUMBULL**, Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. 102
Clinton Viles, Thomas L. Jenks,
Harvey Carpenter, Daniel H. Whitney,
William Robinson, George S. Derby.

The Congregationalist

opens the new year with articles from some of the most eminent writers in the country. In the first number REV. W. H. H. MURRAY furnishes the first of twelve articles from his pen. It is entitled "A Free Pulpit a Pulpit of Power." In the Sabbath School column Dr. TODD has comments every week on the Uniform Lessons, and thousands will regard these alone as worth the cost of the paper. Mrs. J. D. CHAPLIN, who interests alike all classes of readers, will furnish one of her popular sketches every month. A series of twelve articles from as many of the most distinguished clergymen in England, such as DEAN STANLEY and DR. BINNEY, will be commenced next week. REV. HORACE JAMES furnishes letters from abroad once in two weeks. An attractive Agricultural column is edited by JAMES F. C. HYDE. Besides our usual Children's Department we publish this year one or more articles every week in large type for the youngest. Our Washington letter every week, though only a column long is read with great interest and comes to seem like a familiar talk about events at the Capital. If you wish to know what is going on at the East, in New York, in the Interior or at the West, take the *Congregationalist*. Our news department, both secular and religious and the literary page of the *Congregationalist*, are more full and complete than those of any other religious paper, and we aim to make the most interesting attractive and valuable of religious journals for the family.

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Repairing promptly and neatly executed.

Christmas

AND

New Year's

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All Goods
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Bread, Cake, and Fancy Crackers

IN FULL ASSORTMENT.

Hot Bread every day at 4 P. M. Fresh Morning Bread. Hot Brown Bread EVERY SUNDAY MORNING.

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Watches, Clocks,
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HOLIDAY'S!

Solid Gold and Silver
GOODS,

The celebrated Henry Bequelin. Ladies Watch, in 18Kt. Gold case, every one good time keepers.

For Gold and Silver Goods, to order,

CALL EARLY.

HAIR JEWELRY to order. Seven hundred patterns to select from.

Repairing in all its branches.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,

Town Hall Building,

LEXINGTON, MASS.

EXPRESS NOTICE

BOSTON & LOWELL R.R. CO.'S
EXPRESS.

Lexington, Arlington and Concord Branch, thankful for the liberal patronage given it in the past, publishes the following rules and regulations for the information of the public and those who wish to be accommodated by express.

FIRST.—Write all your orders plain and sign your name, as the company will not be responsible for verbal orders.

SECOND.—When leaving an order at the office 35 Court square, Boston, see that it is written in the book used for that purpose.

THIRD.—All orders should be left one hour before the train leaves.

FOURTH.—When ordering goods that must be paid for, send the money if the cost is over three dollars (\$3.00) and all expense paid by the messenger, must be paid him on the delivery of the goods.

FIFTH.—No goods will be collected or delivered by this express, south of Dover street in Boston, but must be forwarded by the South End Express.

SIXTH.—No goods will be received unless properly packed and plainly marked.

SEVENTH.—Anything received marked C. O. D., must be paid for on delivery.

EIGHTH.—Work for regular customers will be charged if they wish, but the bills are expected to be paid upon being presented, once a month.

Messengers leave Lexington for Boston, on 7.10 and 9.15 trains. Leave Arlington for Boston, on 8.30 and 1.15 trains.

Messengers leave Boston for Lexington 2.45 and 5.10 trains. Leave Boston for Arlington on 11.45, 2.45 and 5.10 trains.

Lexington, Dec. 23d, 1872.

Fire! Fire! Fire!

Pour on Water!

Isaac N. Damon,

INSURANCE AGENT,

The Middlesex Mutual Fire Insurance Co., at Concord, Mass.

The Holyoke Mutual Fire Insurance Co., at Salem, Mass.

The Merchant's & Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance Co., at Worcester, Mass.

The Central Mutual Fire Insurance Co., at Worcester, Mass.

The Trader's & Mechanic's Insurance Co., at Lowell, Mass.

The Citizens' Mutual Fire Insurance Co., at Brighton, Mass.

The Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Co., at Quincy, Mass.

Also several stock Companies, including THE WATERTOWN FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF WATERTOWN, N. Y., to which your particular attention is called.

Lexington, Dec. 21st, 1872.

FLOYD & JOHNSON,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

No. 3 Tremont Row, Cor. Howard St., Boston.

Take this course to inform their friends and the public generally, that they are prepared to show and sell Farms, Suburban and City Property. To those in want of the same, and we feel confident that with the well selected stock on our files that we can please all who may favor us with a call.

To those wishing to dispose of their Real Estate, let it be either farm or village property, we shall be most happy to receive a call from them, feeling that with our facilities for transacting business, we can give entire satisfaction.

GEO. W. TAYLOR,
DEALER IN
Calf, Kip and Rubber
BOOTS and SHOES,

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Lexington Mass.

Satisfaction guaranteed

PLUMBING

AND

GAS FITTING!

John J. O. Bryan,

Practical Plumber

AND

GAS FITTER,

Pleasant street, cor. Arlington Avenue.

Water and Gas introduced into stores, private dwellings and manufactories, in the most thorough manner.

All kinds of hot and cold water apparatus fitted up with neatness and dispatch.

Pumps of every description furnished and repaired. Chandeliers, Pendants, and Brackets furnished and put up.

Orders respectfully solicited and all work warranted.

N. B.—Orders from out of town will be promptly attended to.

CHARLES F. BRADBURY

(Successor to Thomas Ramsdell.)

DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

Cor. Arlington Ave. and Pleasant St.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Particular attention paid to all kinds of CUSTOM WORK: also repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

Rowe's Quadrille Band,

LEXINGTON.

G. H. ROWE, Prompter.

G. W. WRIGHT, Agent

Music furnished (any number of pieces) for Parties, Sociables, Weddings &c., at REASONABLE PRICES and perfect SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. All orders addressed to the Agent at East Lexington, will meet with prompt attention.

JOHN FORD,

TAILOR,

Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Gents' Garments Cut, Made, and Trimmed in the latest styles. Garments repaired and cleaned in the best manner.

PEARSON & TOSBY,

APOTHECARIES,

ARLINGTON AVE., Cor. MEDFORD ST.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

A good assortment of PURE

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Also all reliable Patent Medicines, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Stationery, Cigars and Confectionery. Prescriptions compounded with great care from the purest materials.

Open on Sunday for the sale of medicines only, from 8 to 10.30 A. M., 1 to 2.30 and 5 to 8 P. M.

Agents for Dr. Kimball's Botanic Cough Remedy.

Music Lessons.

MISS L. M. ALLEN is prepared to take Pupils in Music in Arlington and adjacent towns. Terms in Arlington, \$10, and in other towns, \$12.

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Arlington, Mass.
Refers by permission to Rev. G. W. Cutler, Arlington, and Rev. W. A. Start, No. Cambridge.

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AND

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Has a full and carefully selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines,
TOILET ARTICLES,

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Fancy Goods!

Also all the standard reliable

Patent Medicines,

Stationery, Confectionery, Choice Cigars and Tobacco, Pipes, Smokers' Articles, Toys, &c.

N. B.—Particular attention given to compounding Medicines.

S. W. HALEY,

Carriage Manufacturer

AND

Horse Shoer,

Arlington Ave., Opp. Medford St.,

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Custom Work and Repairing neatly and promptly by executed. Horse Shoeing a specialty.

Having engaged the services of first-class

BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS.

We are prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK & REPAIRING

with neatness and dispatch.

OVER STORE OF E. P. RICH, LEXINGTON.

P. Teare,

Merchant Tailor, of Woburn,

will be at the store of M. A. RICHARDSON, & CO., Arlington, at 7 P. M., every Wednesday, for the purpose of receiving orders and taking measures for clothes.

WILL HAVE SAMPLES OF CLOTHES.

Fish Market.

Mr. E. KEEF will continue the business of the above firm at the old stand on

ARLINGTON AVENUE,

and will keep constantly on hand the best qualities of Fresh Salt and Smoked Fish, and Oysters. All orders attended to with the dispatch which has always characterized this establishment.

Whitcher & Saville,

Main Street, Lexington.

GROCERIES,

Extra Teas, Coffees and Spices,

PAINTS, OILS,

AND PAINTERS' TOOLS,

Grain of all kinds, in quantity.

WILLIAM KIMBALL,

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER

AND HORSE SHOER,

Arlington Avenue,

Opp. Whittemore's Hotel,

ARLINGTON.

All branches of repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Particular attention paid to Horse Shoeing.

L. PEIRCE & CO.,

Dealer in First-Class

GROCERIES,

Of every description.

Pure Java Coffees Ground on the Premises every day.

ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.

Goods delivered in any part of the town or West Medford, free of expense.

MATTHEW ROWE,

Dealer in

FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES,

ARLINGTON AVENUE,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

the blunder was too absurd, and his voice trembled.

"Well," said Joe, defensively, "I guess she slipped up stairs just as soft as could be; and you said they was always women and wore brown veils to hide their faces, an' if one of 'em come here, not to let 'em go; so I didn't. If she ain't a burglar, ain't my fault."

Even in the midst of the explanations Dr. Casey found himself thinking how much brighter the old office looked with that graceful, womanly presence in the glow of the firelight. It was the poorest possible opportunity for coldness and stateliness, and Miss More's cheeks flushed and her eyes grew mirthful as she listened. Perhaps, too, the doctor's face told more than it had ever expressed before. At least she acquiesced graciously in his opinion that it was entirely too late for her to walk home alone, and they went away together, unceremoniously installing Joe as office-keeper once more.

It seemed an unconscionable length of time that he was kept there, though he was by no means so anxious for his uncle's return as he had been before, nor so certain of his admiring approval. He raised his head rather doubtfully at his epilogue, but the doctor's eyes were marvelously bright, as if he had found long explanations delightful.

"It's all right, Joe," he said reassuringly; "it was only a mistake, you see, so you needn't be troubled. And, Joe, here's fifty cents, that you may buy fire-crackers with for the evening the Torments march."

"Torments," corrected Joe.

"All right; it's the same thing," said the doctor placidly.

Joe did not quite understand it, not even when his mother and sisters began to visit Miss More, and she became a frequent guest at their house, and the family all dropped into the way of calling her "Edith."

But after there had been a quiet wedding one morning, and he had learned to divide his visits between the office and the coziest, cheeriest little home in the world, where "auntie" was the attraction, he used to say complacently to the doctor:

"Ain't we glad we caught her, Uncle Max?"—*Hearth and Home.*

GEOGRAPHY ON HORSEBACK,

Little Jack Joy came crying home from school one day, flung his books into the farthest corner of the kitchen, threw himself on the floor and cried aloud. The teacher had punished him again for imperfect lessons. No wonder. He was enough to ruin the disposition of a regiment of school teachers, for he would not study, and he would play all the time until ten minutes before recitation, and then of course, he had very imperfect lessons.

His mother had gone to see a sick neighbor, and his sister Lettie had gone to stay an hour with Bell Gray, so he had the kitchen all to himself. He would not have dared to throw his books on the floor if his mother had been at home.

There was a mouse-hole behind the closet door, and presently a mouse peeped out to see what was the matter. Jack still lay sobbing on the floor.

"Books are not very good to eat, I dare say," thought the mouse, "or Jack would not throw them away."

He nibbled a little at the corner.

This is remarkably nice for a nest," he said to himself. "I wonder Jack does not make a nest of it. I think I will take some home to my wife."

He never seem to get a high value upon books. I presume they are not at all competent to judge of their merits; so he was not so much to blame for trying his sharp little teeth upon the leaves. He has often seen boys do the same.

He was wondering how much of the nibblings he could carry away at a time, when he was greatly startled by the sound of a horse's hoofs just over his head. It was the little Highlander's pony upon the cover of the geography impatiently pawing the ground. His ears were laid back, as though he was very much disturbed at the mouse's operations. The mouse retreated a few steps, and paused, and the little rider

"I presume you are not aware, Mr. Mouse, that these are my premises. There is a piece of paper you can make your nest of."

The mouse was so overwhelmed with surprise and dismay that he could only stammer out some kind of an apology, which sounded like a discomfited squeak, and slunk away to his hole in great confusion.

Then the Highlander started off on a canter up and down the room, his plaid tartan floating behind like a banner. Presently he paused directly in front of the troubled schoolboy, raising his cap and looking as if he wanted to speak with him.

Then Jack thought it was all a dream, but often one can scarcely tell whether he is awake or dreaming. Jack rubbed his eyes, but still the small horseman sat there gravely holding his cap in his hand.

"Well, I declare! you are a comical little fellow," said the boy, in great wonder; "did you come all the way from Lilliput to see me?"

The strange visitor shook his head.

"I am not from Lilliput at all; don't you know me?"

"By King Harry! I believe I've seen you before. Aren't you the picture on the cover of my geography?"

"To be sure; but who's King Harry? I've seen all the kings on the earth, but—"

"Oh, never mind; that was some of my nonsense. Can I do anything for you?"

"I wanted to tell you that you should be a little more careful; you hurt my head pretty badly against the door."

Jack got up on his elbow.

"Let me get you the camphor."

"Oh, no. I only want to know why you dislike me so much."

"Dislike you! I don't. I think you are the nicest little fellow I have seen this long time. But you don't know how I hate geography. If you'll believe it, this is the fifth day I've had that same lesson about mountains, lakes and rivers, and haven't got it yet."

"I know it. And haven't I been sitting here, day after day, waiting to help you get it?"

"Well, this is a joke, now. I thought you were printed on the book-cover just to make the book look pretty, and to make us boys think geography was something fine."

"No, indeed. I sit there to help boys get their lessons."

"Then for pity's sake why didn't you help me get mine?"

"Oh, I can only assist scholars who have a desire to learn; and you—"

"Yes, yes; I know all about it. I don't suppose I cared much whether I got my lesson or not."

"No; when a boy is shelling beech-nuts, or reading Gulliver's Travels under the desk, with his book open to make the teacher think he is studying, I take it for granted he don't care much about his lessons."

"But I do care now; and if you will only help me about the mountains, lakes and rivers, I will do better."

"Will you really try?"

"Yes I will."

"That's enough—boys can do almost anything they try to; so jump up here behind me."

"Get on your horse? You might as well tell me to jump on the back of a mosquito."

"Oh, I forgot; you must have the pills first."

"Pills? I don't want any of your pills."

The little horseman made no reply, but took from his bosom something that resembled a heart; but upon touching a secret spring, it opened like a box, and he took out three pills and handed them to Jack.

"Are they bitter?" asked Jack.

"You may find them a little disagreeable, though some think them quite pleasant. They are Resolution, Patience and Perseverance. You cannot get on without all of them."

Jack swallowed them with a wry face, for he was not much used to such prescriptions. He was immediately seized with a great desire to learn everything about geography, and at the same time he became as small as the little Highlander himself. So he quickly mounted behind him, crying out—

"Hurrah for mountains, lakes and rivers!"

Away they went like the wind—like the hurricane, like lightning. It quite took Jack's breath away, but his com-

panion chatted on quite comfortably. He was used to it. At length they stopped upon a high eminence up among the clouds.

"Look round," said the guide, and tell me where you are."

"Well," said he, catching his breath, and speaking very fast; "I should think we were on the top of a mountain; I can see cities and rivers and the oceans and forests down below."

"What is a mountain, then?"

"A mountain? Why a 'mountain is a high elevation of land,'" Jack shouted in great glee. "That's the question number one. But what is that smoke coming out of the top of that mountain about five thousand miles off there? Is it a volcano?"

"Of course it is. What is a volcano?"

"A volcano is a burning mountain. That's the question number two. I believe I rather like geography. But what's the name of this mountain?"

"This is Ben Lomond."

"Is it? Then we must be in Scotland right where Fitz James and Roderick Dhu had their famous sword fight. And that big blue popd down there among the trees is Loch Lomond, I suppose? Loch means lake, doesn't it?"

"You are right. What is a lake?"

"I guess you've got me now. No; I have it: 'A lake is a body of water surrounded by land.' And that zigzag stream that looks like a blue serpent, is a river, isn't it?"

"What is a river?"

"A large stream of water flowing over the land.' It seems now as though I always knew that lesson."

"You never took the trouble to think about it before, perhaps."

"Well, I don't think there is any need of my getting so many floggings for such an easy and beautiful lesson as that. I'm really very much obliged to you. You wouldn't give me that feather in your cap to remember you by, I suppose?"

"No, not that; it is a feather from the right wing of the phoenix, and is a sort of charm or talisman which enables me to go from place to place with such rapidity. But here is a leaf from the Tree of Knowledge, which would do you far more good. Carry it with you; and when you are at study, inhale its fragrance now and then, and your mind will become fixed upon learning."

"How delicious! You must know a great deal about the world, travelling about in this way."

"Yes, but nothing more than you can learn from your books with far less trouble."

"What's that?" cried Jack, in alarm, as a huge, fierce-looking monster came flying toward them.

"Why, its my friend Arithmetic," answered the Highlander; "but he seems in a savage mood to-day."

Jack thought of all the stories he had read of dragons and other flying bugaboos, and his flesh began to creep with fear. The wings of the monster were made of curiously interwoven examples in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, and on his breast were the nine digits, in gorgeous colors. His scarf formed a banner, on which was displayed the motto: "Arithmetic is the science of numbers." He wore a most ferocious aspect, and carried a war club, upon which was painted in flaming red, "Knowledge is power." As soon as he came within speaking distance, he cried out:—

"I'll teach you to throw me about in that way again, Master Jack Joy! I've been on your track ever since I came to my senses. Take that!" hitting him violently on the head with a club, upon which Jack seemed to fall from the top of Ben Lomond, down through interminable space, quite through the earth's centre—till he found himself flying upon the floor in his mother's kitchen, and his sister Lettie holding a geranium leaf to his nose, which very much resembled in odor the leaf of the Tree of Knowledge his new friend had given him.

"How that fellow hurt me," he said, rubbing his head.

"I'm so sorry," said his sister; "I didn't mean to. But just see my new little kitten that Bell's mother gave me. I was running to catch her, and hit my copper-toed shoe right against your head. And only look how the mice have nibbled your nice, new geography. They won't do it any more, will they, kitty?"

—*The Children's Hour.*

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